

not ascend as incense before God. Some attempted a nearer cut to the Indies by the north, but were frozen up on the way, and so will all the sluggish prayers be served. Cold prayers bespeak a denial, but fervent prayers are sacred.

As a body without a spirit, wood without a fire, a bullet in a gun without powder, so are all prayers without fervency of spirit.

A Sunny Religion

The Rev. Theodore Cuyler, who never writes anything that is not worth reading, never wrote truer words than these:

Ours is a sunny religion, born of divine love: and one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit is joy. A joyless Christian is a libel on his profession. We ought to walk so close to Jesus as to be always in his sunshine, and make so little of earthly ills and vexations and losses as never to let them envelop us in an atmosphere of Arctic midnight. Paul made a dungeon ring with holy melodies. Every follower of Christ should strive to make his daily life a song as well as a gospel sermon. Cultivate more of that spirit which rejoices in the Lord always. Take care of your digestion; look after your bodily health; live on the sunny side of God's providences; take large draughts of the promises; and give full play to your affections. Holiness means health; and a healthy Christian should never be less than a happy one.

Joy in Heaven Over One Soul

It has come to us with some freshness of late, how dear souls are to God. We are in the habit of measuring the divine love for sinners by the sacrifice which came to its crest on the cross. No doubt that is the true measure of the divine love and the place rightly to estimate the value of a human soul in God's sight. Nevertheless when we read that there is "joy in heaven over one soul that repenteth," we get a new apprehension of how dear souls must be to God. We have known some pastors (and we have had the experience ourselves not seldom) after a meeting in which special care and effort had been made to bring men to a decision, to turn away discouraged and cast down because *only one* soul came forward to confess Christ as Saviour and Lord. But if the repentance of that one soul was the occasion of joy in heaven, not among the angels, but "in presence of" the angels—joy in the very heart of God made manifest even in the very presence of angels—how ought we to rejoice over the conversion of souls—even over *one* soul.

We remember that Jesus got his disciples *one by one*; that he preached his most famous discourses to congregations of *one*; namely to Nathaniel, to Nicodemus, and to the woman of Samaria. It was to *one* leper that he spake a saving word; to *one* sinful woman that he declared forgiveness and life. One by one he gathered them. It was for *one* soul—the Eunuch—that Philip was taken

away from the great crowds in Samaria and sent down, by the way of the desert, to preach Jesus. Let us not underrate the value of *one* soul. Surely when we were converted we were but *one*. That was a great day to us; a great joy to our loved ones, who had been longing and watching and praying for us. It was a great joy to God, who had given his Son to die for us, as really and as wholly as if we had been the only soul which had sinned and fallen away from him. Saul of Tarsus was but *one* soul; and yet he was dear enough to God to warrant our Lord Jesus coming from heaven to earth in person to win him to himself.

The tendency in our day is to seek after great things and large, immediate and aggregated results. We want to report accessions by hundreds and thousands, and are impatient of what has been called "hand-picking" for souls. It is true that the first great gatherings were by the hundreds; but after that, we judge, the work of saving men went on more after the fashion of winning them one by one.

If once we get an appreciation of the value of a single soul and remember that the conversion of one soul will set all heaven on fire with gladness, then, we think, there will be more individual workers for souls among the churches, and less disposition to depend on special seasons and special efforts. The pastor will not be relied on so much as the only authorized winner of souls; special seasons will not be waited for so long as the only means of winning men and women to Christ; and great combinations of religious forces will not be regarded as so essentially necessary for the success of the gospel with the unsaved. If we will, each one of us, ministers and laymen, every day call to mind that by winning *one* soul to Christ we may cause him and the Father great joy, we will not wait for great combinations and special seasons, but will go at once, and in dead earnest, to work to win a soul, and thus help fulfill our Saviour's joy.

We have great admiration for the old pastor's application of the worth of one soul, to whom a committee of the church went with a recommendation that he resign his charge, on the ground that, during his ministry among them, there was certain knowledge of but *one* soul who had been converted under his preaching. "Has there been one?" asked the good man with surprised delight. "Yes, one," was the reply. "Then glory be to God! I will pluck up heart and courage. I will not resign, but by the grace of God give myself, with renewed consecration for another twenty years of service." Carey was in India twenty years before his heart and the whole church of God was thrilled by the news of the conversion of *one* heathen soul to Christ. What a vast army that one soul was the prophetic forerunner of.

What if thruout the whole church each real Christian, filled with a sense of the value of *one* soul, and stimulated with the thought of the joy in heaven over the con-

version of that one soul, should give himself to the heavenly task of winning just one soul to Christ during the remaining months of this year? Who can measure the joy that such an aggregate of saved souls would give occasion for, both in heaven and on earth? For there is also always great joy on earth as there was in Samaria, when sinners believed in Philip's preaching Jesus Christ.

Shall we not each one of us accept the delightful task and privileged responsibility of putting at least one cup of joy to our Saviour's lips before we give ourselves up to vacation, rest and recuperation?

Missions

Washington, D. C.

Our love feast was one of great blessing; about sixty five communicants; a goodly representation of the membership, and yet not as many as we should expect. Several members from Virginia were in the city, having come in on an excursion, and in the evening they did not fail to attend the services. It is needless for me to add that that is the right thing to do, and yet it does seem to me that there are not a few today who profess to love God, who, if they are going to heaven at all, are going because they *have to go*, and not because they *enjoy the exercise*!

Why do I think so? Simply because they act that way. Let them get into trouble of any kind, let sickness or affliction come, and you will see them put on a solemn look and hunt up the church and the preacher; but as soon as the trouble is over, they get back again and float with the current until the next trouble comes. And one certain sign that invariably attends such cases is that they are experts in the art of making excuses. We read of some, you know, of whom it has been written, "And they all with one consent *began* to make excuse." The class that I refer to not only *begin* to make excuse, but they *keep it up everlastingly*.

Brother E. B. Shaver, of Maurertown, Va. was with us at the late feast. We are glad that he has regained his health and was able to be with us again. Brethren J. W. Hockman, S. A. Wine, were with us also. Would mention the names of all, but cannot.

HEART SERVICE

That is what we want in the church, but many seem to get strange ideas about it. A Methodist brother said to me at the close of the feast, "My heart was with you." I answered, "Can't your body keep up with your heart?"

It seems to me sometimes that if God deals with people according to their own decisions their hearts will be the only part that will ever enter heaven. It is an easy matter to say, "God bless you; my heart is with you brother," but as a rule, the body keeps pretty close to the heart. Read James 2: 15, 16. There we get a striking illustration. Saying,